

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

ODE TO HOPE.

Seraph of golden wing !
A humble lyre is tun'd to thee ;
No bard of fame, the minstrel string
With magic finger sweeps—no lofty song
Now " steals the breezy blye along,"
With notes of gentle melody ;
A humdrum strain I bring,
Artun'd to thee—to thee I sing.

Enchanting Hope ! the human heart,
When first it throb'd with life, thy influence feels,
And until at last, the soul and body part,
Until that parting, still thy soft voice steals
Like cooling breezes, soft'ning summer heat,
Over the drooping soul—till life and Hope both
Fleet.

First and last passion of existence thou !

When sorrows' clouds have gather'd round my

brow,

From thee a gleam of light I sought,

A gleam with bliss and comfort fraught.

Too oft delusive, for the dream

Of joy it railed, fed with the gleam

Too soon—yet like a gentle shower

Revives the tender, drooping flower ;

So has my soul by thee been shev'd,

Bright scraph'd thus to life endear'd.

Life has its sorrows ; they outweigh

Its joys—yet while thy spirit dwells

Within the breast of man, e'en they

Can be supported—for it tells

That sorrow's clouds may swiftly fly,

And beams of pleasure light the eye.

Still then, sweet Hours, thy golden wings

Spread o'er me, and my life banquo guide ;

When woe her sultry mantle flings

Around me—or when cares beside,

If cheer'd, supported, then, by thee,

I stem the tide of misery.

SELIM.

ON SPRING.

(FROM AENEAS.)

See, approaching balmy Spring ;
The grace, see, on fairy wing,
Roses scattering o'er the scene,
All nature wears a joyful mien.
Behold the sea, how calm and cheering,
Bears a rattle there appearing ;
At a distance the snow-white clouds were rolled,
Volume o'er volume piling,
Like pillows of marble bright and cold,
In their frosty glory snuffing.

On a beautiful spot of sky alone
For her bright abode was given,
And clouds were darkly around it thrown,
Like the spirit's path to heaven.

And scarcely visible there hover'd high,
A mist of ethereal lightness,
That seemed to melt with the pure blue sky,
It's form of unspotted whiteness :

And bordering every dusky cloud,
(Its folds in the other laying,)
It seemed the banner of spirits proud,
On the walls of her palace waving.

*Twas midnight—the earth beneath was still,
In beauty rest reposing ;
And the stars looked down on valley and hill,
Like eyes that never know closing.

*Twas silence all—but the lovely moon,
From her palace of glory shining,
So seemed with that beautiful star to commune,
On her bosom of light reclining.

That I felt not alone, tho' far away
From the friends that my heart had cherished ;
And many a joy of an earlier day,
In the pride of its bloom had perished.

JUVENIS.

LIFE.

In life's rough way
And cloudy days,
The beams of hope may brightly shine,
And joy's rich flowers around us twine ;
Dispel the shades of care and sadness,
And wak's the heart to peace and gladness—
Oh ! what that bright,
Celestial light,

Beams on our spirits from on high,
And speaks a guardian angel's sigh.

To form our thoughts, and bias our hours,
With more of buoy, than earthly pow'rs.

Then we are blest,
With hope caret,

We look anent and survey

The varied scene, the changing day ;

And ev'ry scene we view with pleasure,

With cheerful friends our dearest treasure;

But drear—no !

When clouds of woe,

Occlude our smiling summer's day,"

Their friendship fades—they turn away,

Leave us to watch a brighter morrow,

Regardless of our blighting sorrow.

But no—not all—

For there would fall—

Like Heav'n's own dew that morning wears,

Some pitying friend to sooth our woes ;

To hush the sigh that rose in sadness,

And waken hopes of joy and gladness.

CORDELIA.

TO ORASMYN.

Nay, nay, Orasmyn, keep the name,
Great grace'd than e'er by me—

It cannot light my path to fame,

For fame is not my destiny.

I have, indeed, when it was mine,

Felt ardent aspirations ;

And long'd on glory's mount to shine,

And wing my journey thro' the skies.

I've loosed to gain a fable's wreath,

That should survive this earthly mould—

To own a name defying death—

A name to live when I am cold—

But that is past—my pride has fled—

Ambition's lordly sail is o'er—

I ask this, when I am dead—

One friend who will my flight deplore.

From thee, Orasmyn, might I then

Expect one mournful thought to rise—

One hope that we should meet again,

Where bins is pale and never dies—

Yet marvel not, nor raise thy brow,
That thus my earnest wish I send—
Thou art no more a stranger now—
What if I dare to call thee friend ?

The' haply in thy breast ne'er rose
The flickering flame that love inspires—
I trust that hast a heart which knows
The warmth of holy friendship's fires.

That heart—I want that it were mine—
To full its narrowings ears to sleep ;
For all ! I know it has been thine
To have some cause, if not to weep—

Then shall thy plaintive lyre retain—
In song these dreary moments lose—
And oft reawake the tuneful strain,
Sacred to sorrow and the Muse.

Let fancy reign and reason fly—
But oh ! desert not yet thy lyre—
Nor while it breathes such melody,
E'er from its thrilling chords retire.

There be, tho' good and ill, thy stand,
While hope shall bloom, and thought shall live ;
And may'st thou tune in Canaan's land,
The golden harp which Heaven can give.

DROMIO.

THE PALACE OF THE MOON.

The lines, to which I have given this title are merely a description of the moon, as she appeared on a beautiful evening some time since.

She seemed like a queen on her azure throne,
In her earliest beauty blooming ;

Tho' thousands of years had onward flown
Since the days of her first illumining.

And the ages of darkness, and cloud and storm,
That roll o'er this world of sadness,

Had cast not a shade on her spotless form,

Nor darkened the smile of her gladness.

She seemed like a being of living light

To my fancy's wild emotion,

As the rays of her glory fell pure and bright,

Of the silence of earth's devotion.

And there was a bright and beautiful star,

That seemed on her bosom sleeping,

Like a child that had long been wandering far,

In a world of strangers weeping ;

And there be, tho' good and ill, thy stand,

To live in her pure and blessed smile,

And brighten beneath its reflection.

And the sky had its glorious ether hung,

So spotless and soft was her ;

As it is a veil from a sport's bough,

In its radiant folds had bound her.

At a distance the snow-white clouds were rolled,

Volume o'er volume piling,

Like pillows of marble bright and cold,

In their frosty glory snuffing.

On a beautiful spot of sky alone

For her bright abode was given,

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Like the spirit's path to heaven.

of prayer, else he were not omniscient; yet is it his divine pleasure that we should humbly and reverently sit, in the name of the blessed Jesus, for those things needful to us, whether for the body or for the soul. An earthly parent, who loves his child with a true affection, will inculcate into the tender mind of his beloved offspring the principles of love and obedience; the first of which will teach his young heart to ask of his parents the gratification of his little wants, all of which have met the eyes of affection, but without hindrance. In the temporal parent has such claim to his child, much more so than he who is his " Lord over all," whose throne is the heavens, and whose footstool is the earth; who is the author of the balance of his life.

The eternal Jehovah being influenced by our prayers, when presented in the name and in the spirit of the blessed lamb, so far from attacking chagrinous to his character conditions the immutability of it, as he has declared, before stating that the " prayers of the righteous shall prevail;" therefore all our supplications to God, in the name of Christ, are to be made with a firm belief with him that he will be pleased to accept them with the spiritual authority of the divine Redeemer and parts of eternal imperfection. Man, in his own strength and wickedness of heart, has no claim to the efficacy of prayer, because he does not ask things proper, nor does he address the sacred throne of the pure God clothed with the spirit of self-abnegation and faith in the Lord Jesus, through whom alone can purity be approached. Christ himself prayed, as is testified by Mark, chap. 24. v. 32: " And he said to his disciples, sit ye here, while I shall pray—33 and 36 ver." And he went forth a little, and fell on the ground, and prayed that it was given him to have the hour past him, the hour past his master, when he should be betrayed into his enemies by one who sat at the table with him. Peter was one of the disciples who was with his blessed Jesus, and was directed to watch while he retired to pray; but Peter was found sleeping when his master returned, who said unto him, " Simon, sleepest thou ? couldst thou not watch one hour ? " Then he addressed him with the other disciples who had slept, " Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

If the blessed Saviour prayed to his father, how much more is it required of us. And would he have preached, and commanded his disciples to do so, were it not a duty they owed to their God, and by the performance of which they were instructed that they would be enabled to resist temptation. This command to pray is as much enjoined upon Christians of this day, as it was to those who were surrounding and following Christ in his outward manifestation.

All the commands of Christ are the commands of God, and to be obeyed as such; and we omit those who disregard them. Prayer is one of the commands of the great Jehovah, who cannot even any man that is not a creature of his, and in the unchangeable character. Can any one seriously believe that God would command us to pray for things mortal, when he knew he could not grant our petitions without violating his immutability ? No ! I am unwilling to suppose that such a man lives within the sound of Gospel trumpet, or has had the inimitable privilege of searching the Scriptures, with the sound of the Lamb of God. The Scriptures alone in authority for praying; may, they were with injunctions made known in the Sermon on the Mount, and in the parables, and in the parables themselves.

Many a night might be had, and much more might be added from Holy Writ, upon this subject, it is inextricable in its nature, and eternal in its importance; but I leave it for the present, hoping that what has been said may be accompanied by a blessing from Him, in whom we live and have our being, and without whom we would be enveloped in gloom, despair and wretchedness. The friendship and love of God is indispensable to our comfort and our eternal interests in the trackless paths of an unseen world.

T. D. J.

After his first interview with Ellen, Dr. Lattimer experienced sensations before unknown to him, and very different from what he had ever previously felt in regard to any other of his fair acquaintances. There was a something which he did not well understand, and for which he could not, as yet, account, that frequently, almost without his being aware of it, led him to the house of Mr. Wilson. He repeated his visits—the society of Ellen daily became more fascinating, and he soon ascertained that he had received a wound from the arrow of Cupid, of which he was not likely soon to recover.

He had been told by his father that he had received a wound from the arrow of Cupid, of which he was not likely soon to recover.

He was rejoiced at this lucky turn of fortune's wheel in his favour, as it would be a likely means of doing good to many others.

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He was rejoiced



Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why are women that won't work, like the leaves of the valley?
 2. Why is a cloud like a writer?
 3. Why is an unfruitful piece of ground like an English title?
 4. What comes to the table that is always cut never eat?
 5. Why is the letter K like a rainy Saturday?
 6. Why is M in trout like your nose?
 7. Put red ants and gin in one word.
- J. S. D.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
THE SCHOOL OF FLORA.

BY JAMES G. HARRIS.

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